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10^c

Shadow Comics

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



**THE SHADOW
RAIDS CRIME HARBOR**

"CRIME DOES NOT PAY"

MASTER of the FUTURE or MONSTER of the PAST



Men of evil seeking to control the future or who, becoming Professors of Death, make the Post do their evil deeds—then it's time to call for The Shadow. The man who has proven, on a thousand cases, that

CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

Nick Carter, Doc Savage and Flatty Foote adventures in fighting crime make the **SHADOW COMICS** the world's most popular Comic.

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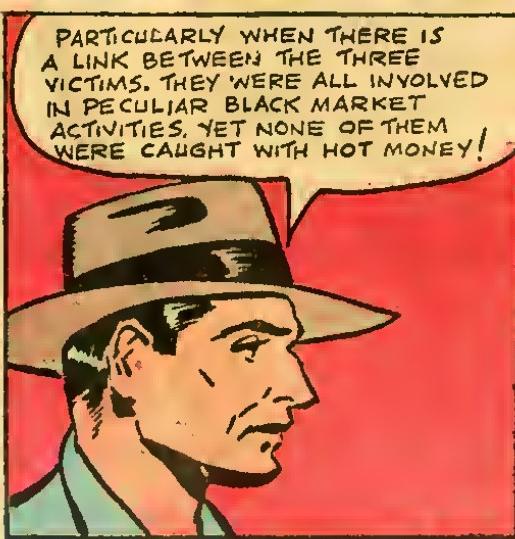
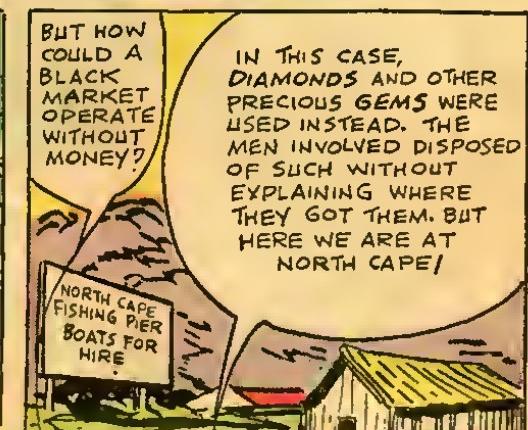
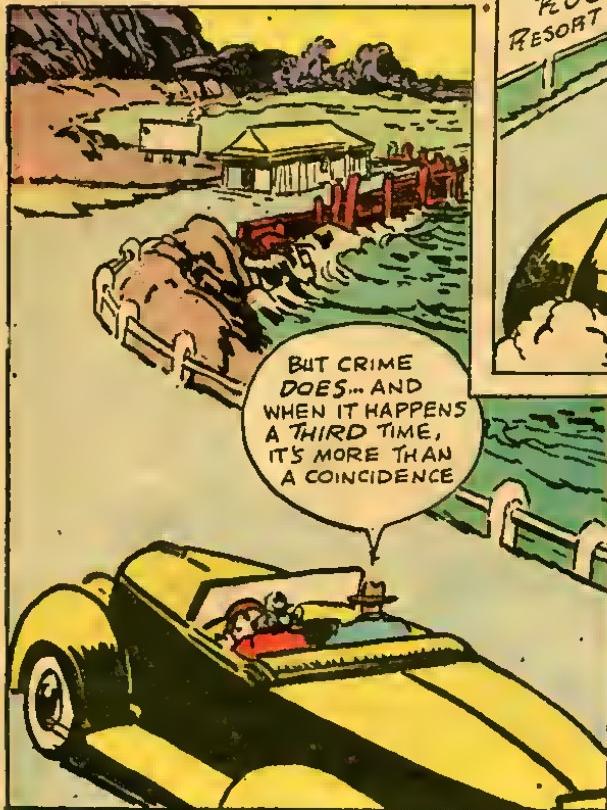
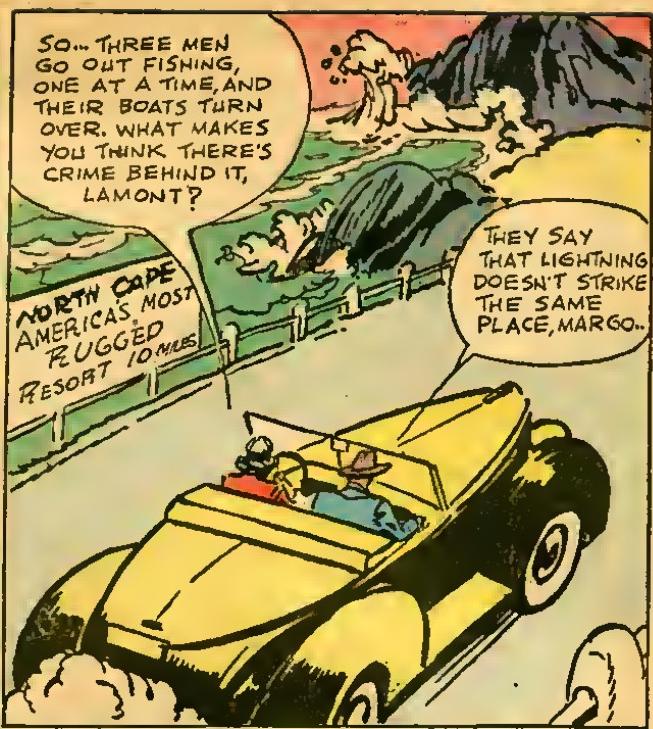
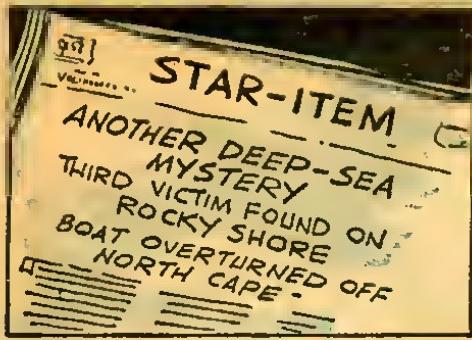


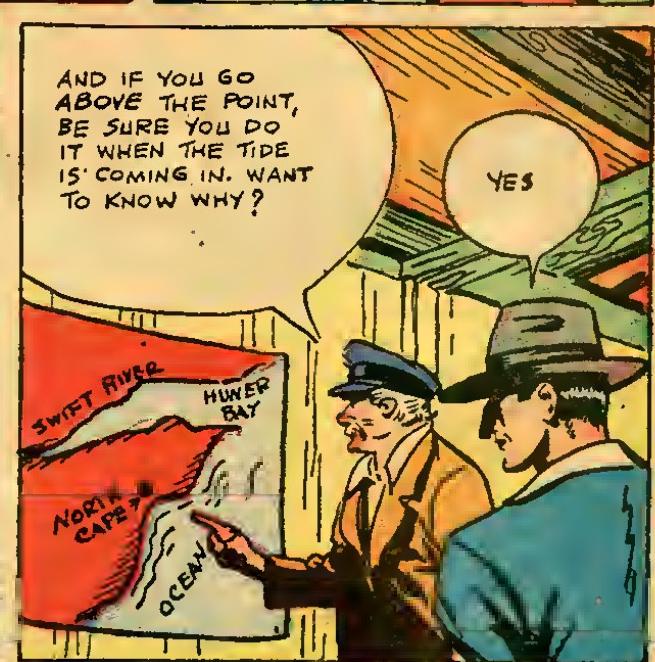
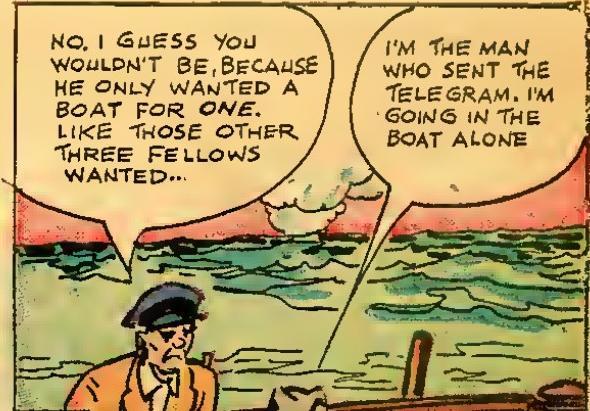


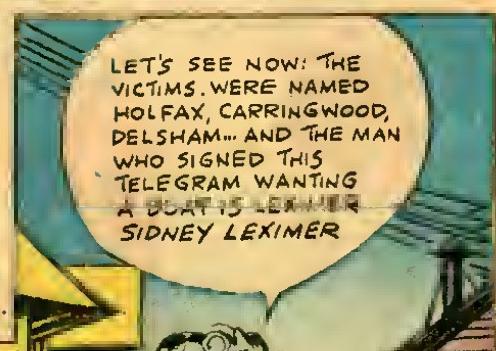
WAR LEAVES IN ITS WAKE ODD REMNANTS OF FORGOTTEN OR UNSUSPECTED CRIME, WHOSE PERPETRATORS BELIEVE THAT THEY CAN DEFEAT THE INFALLIBLE RULE THAT "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"... BUT WHAT NO CRIMINAL MIND CAN EVER OVERCOME IS ITS OWN LUST FOR GREED— THIS IS PROVEN BY THE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THREE SUCH CONNIVERS WHOSE WAYS OF EVIL FOUND THEM OUT THE VIGILANCE OF THAT MASTER OF JUSTICE! **THE SHADOW!!!**

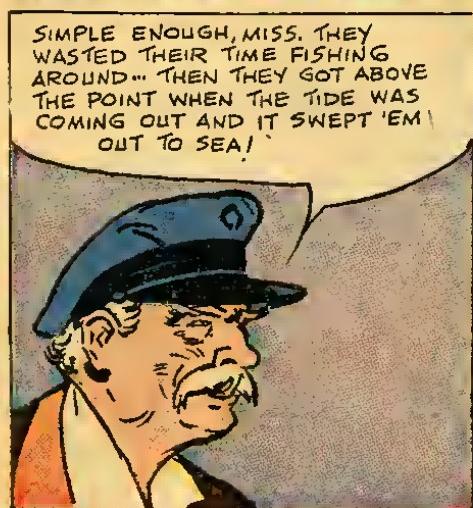
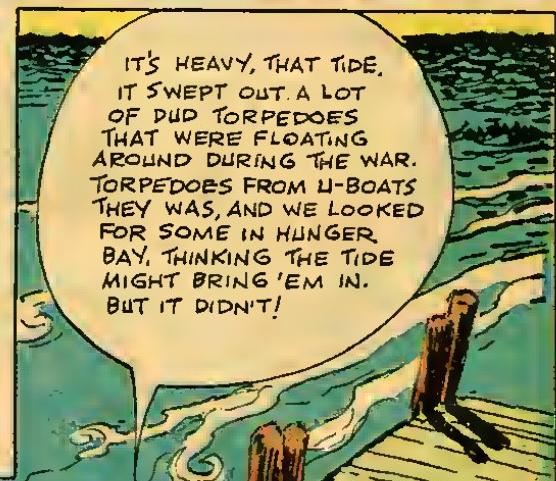
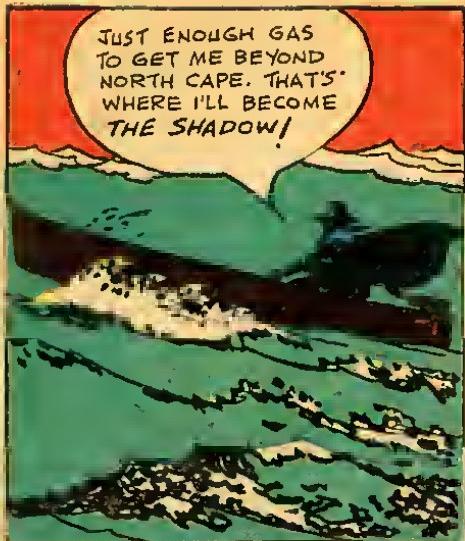
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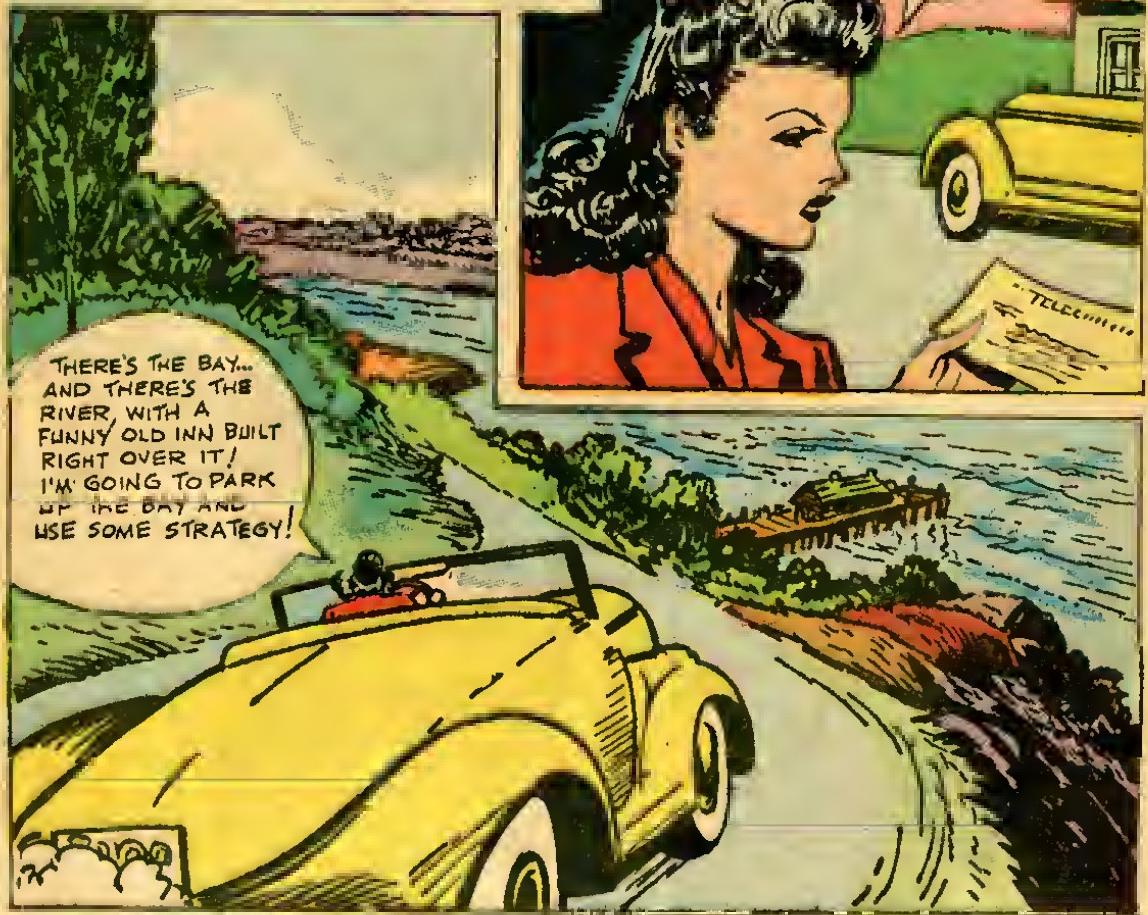
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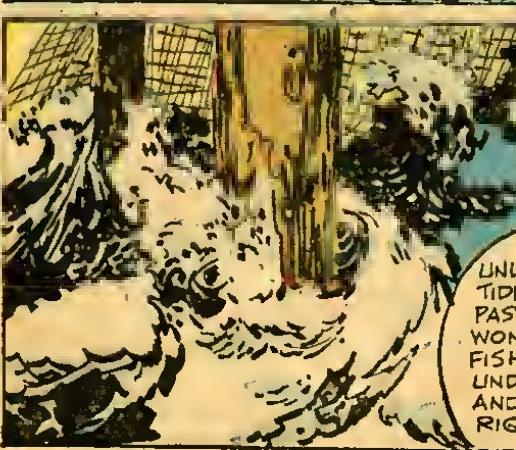
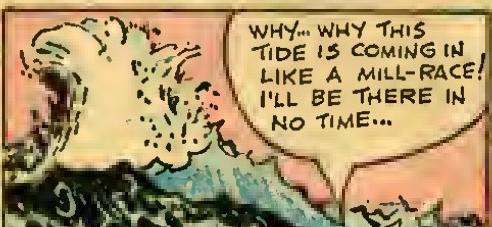


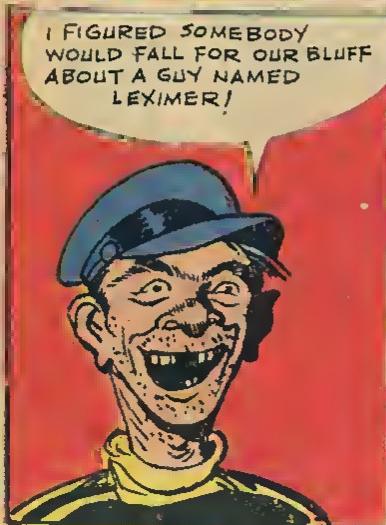












MEANWHILE

NO WONDER
THEY CALL
THIS THE
SWIFT
RIVER!

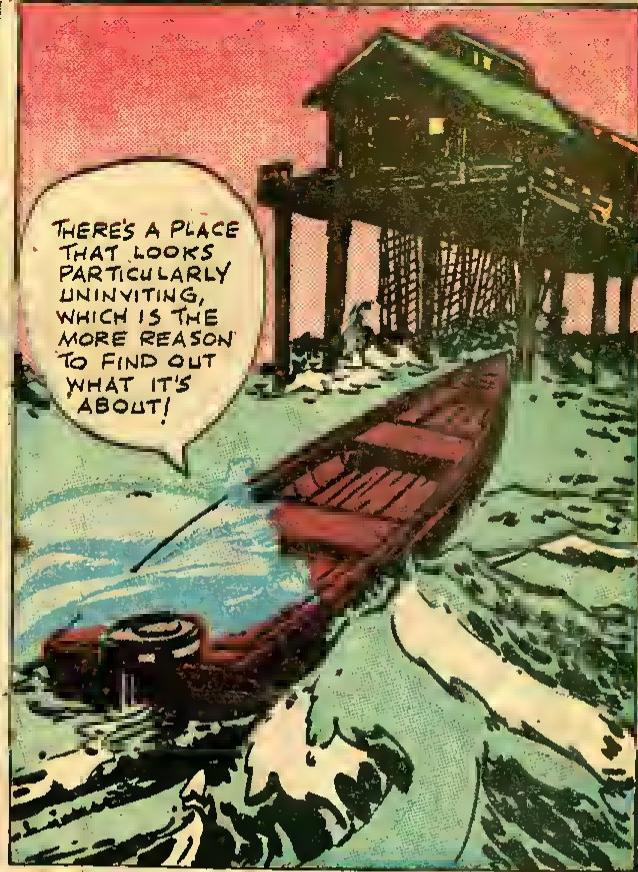


TIME AND TIDE MAY WAIT FOR NO
MAN, BUT TIDE SEEMS TO BE TAKING
IT'S TIME!!!

THOSE DUD TORPEDOES WERE SENT
IN BY THE U-BOATS LOADED WITH
DIAMONDS, GEMS AND OTHER STOLEN
VALUABLES. WE HOCKED THEM
THROUGH THE BLACK MARKET
BUNCH... HALIFAX... CARRINGWOOD...
DELSHAM...



THERE'S A PLACE
THAT LOOKS
PARTICULARLY
UNINVITING,
WHICH IS THE
MORE REASON
TO FIND OUT
WHAT IT'S
ABOUT!



THEY CAME IN WITH THE TIDE,
ON PURPOSE, THE FOOLS!
WE SENT THEIR BOATS
OUT WITH THE TIDE...

AND WE
SENT THE
MEN OUT
TOO, IN
SACKS LIKE
THIS!

AND NOW THE GAME IS OVER.
WE INVITED THOSE THREE
HERE TO GET RID OF THEM!
TOLD 'EM WE HAD MORE JUNK
THEY COULD BUY... A FINAL
SHIPMENT... HAW, HAW!!!

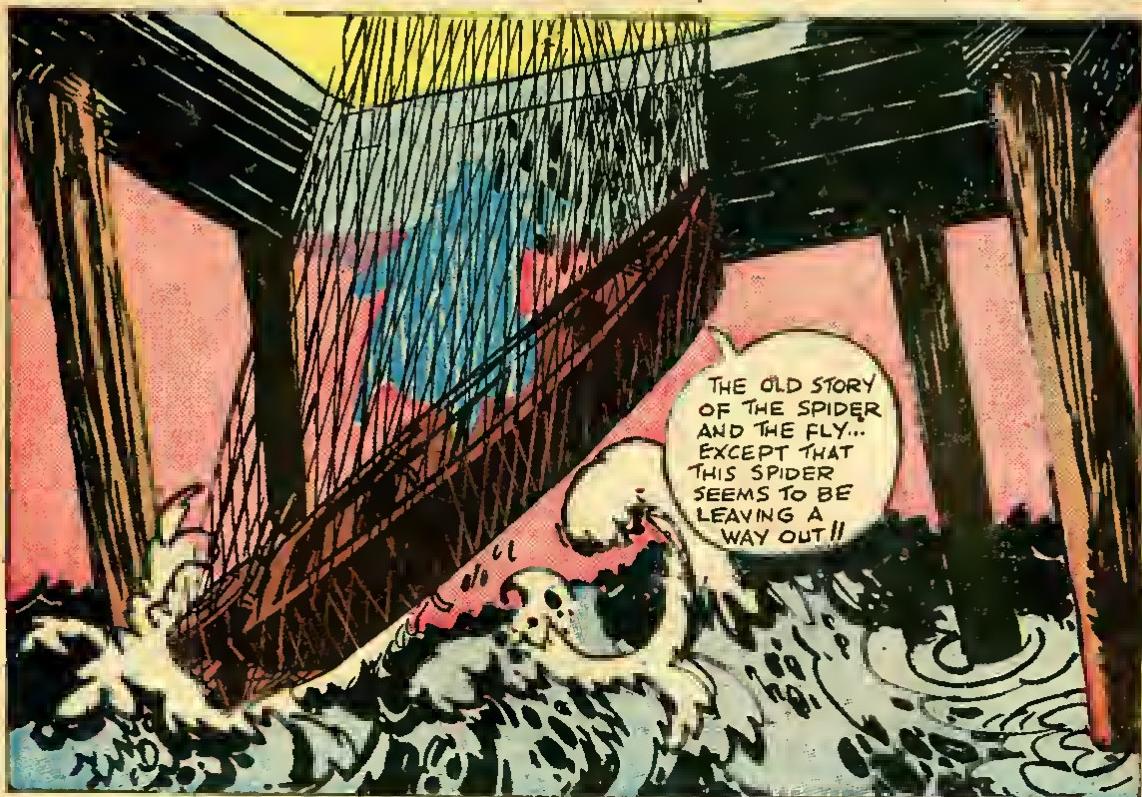


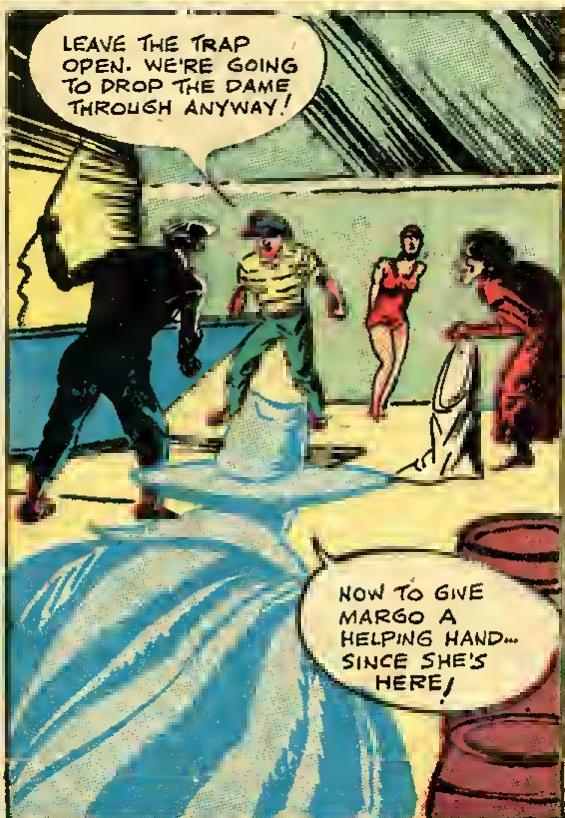
WE'LL HOOK A
SALT BAG TO
YOUR SACK AND
DROP YOU THROUGH
THE TRAP! THE
SALT WILL MELT
AFTER THE TIDE
DRAGS YOU OUT
TO SEA...

WAIT!
THE
SIGNAL
LIGHT!

BLINK
BLINK

ANOTHER CUSTOMER!
GOOD! HAUL UP THE
NET AND OPEN THE
TRAP. WE HAVE
PLENTY OF SACKS
AND SALT!









THEY'RE ALMOST
LOST FROM,
SIGHT NOW! BUT
WHAT CHANCE
DO THEY HAVE
TO SAVE THEMSELVES?

ABOUT ONE IN A
MILLION... WHICH IS
MORE THAN THEY
ALLOWED THEIR
VICTIMS



SUPPOSE WE DRIVE
BACK TO CAPE NORTH,
MARGO, AND ON THE
WAY, YOU CAN TELL
ME ALL YOU LEARNED

ALRIGHT, LAMONT,
BUT I GUESS YOU'VE
PIECED MOST OF IT
YOURSELF BY NOW!

THE NEXT DAY...

HELLO,
SKIPPER!

HEY.. WH-WHAT
ARE YOU... A GH-GHOST?
WE'RE JUST GOING
OUT TO BRING IN
YOUR BOAT.. IT'S
FRESH REPORTED
OVERTURNED OUT
AT SEA!



AND THAT MARKS
THE END OF THE
EVIL THREE WHO
RULED CRIME
HARBOR!



TOP SECRETS

BASED UPON THE EXPLOITS



of the **F.B.I.**

IN THE MEN
WHO GUARD
THE U.S. MAIL...
IN FAMOUS
NEWSPAPER
REPORTERS...

FACT PICTURE STORIES

SHOWING THIS SIDE OF OPERATIONS...

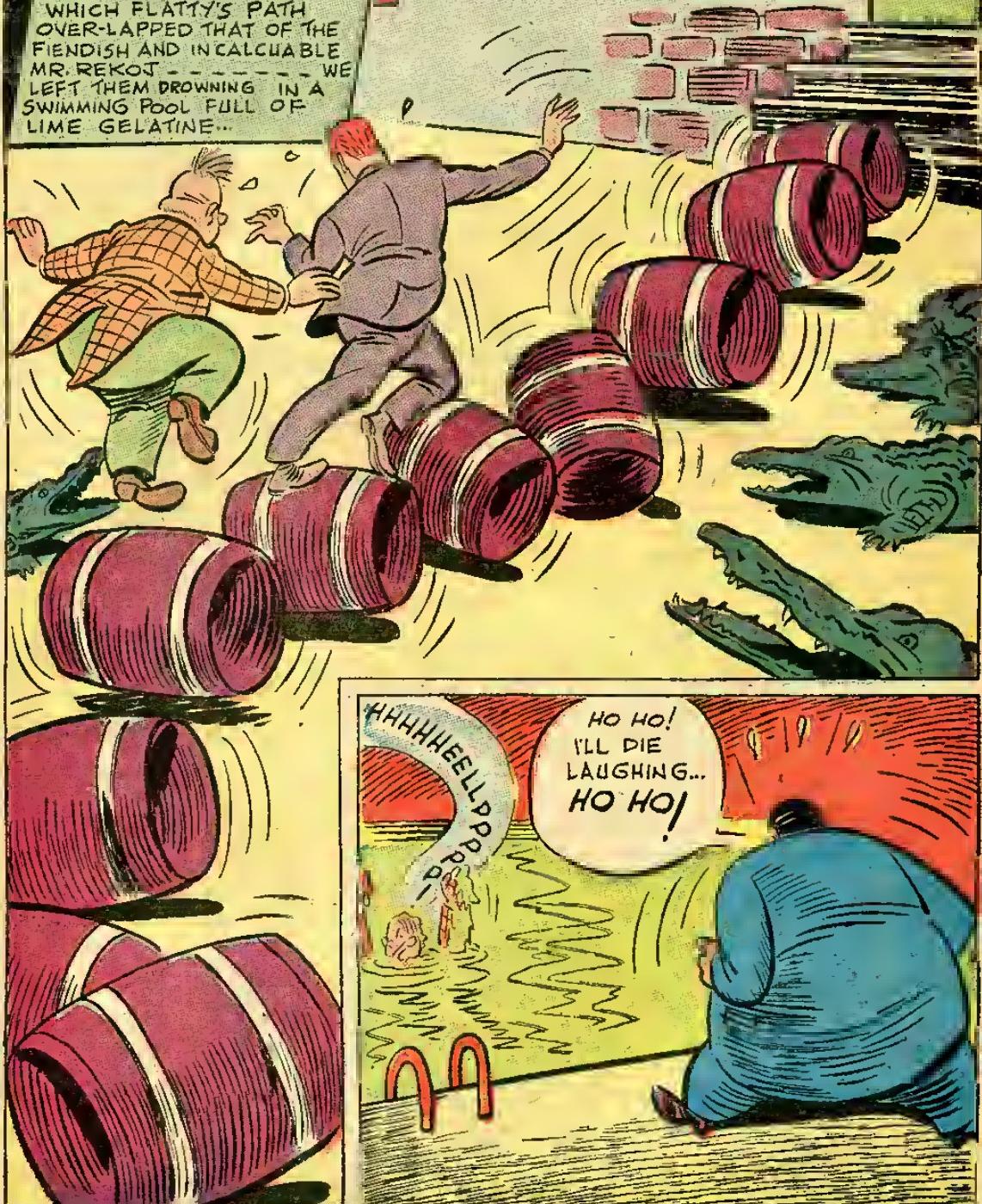
AT LAST!

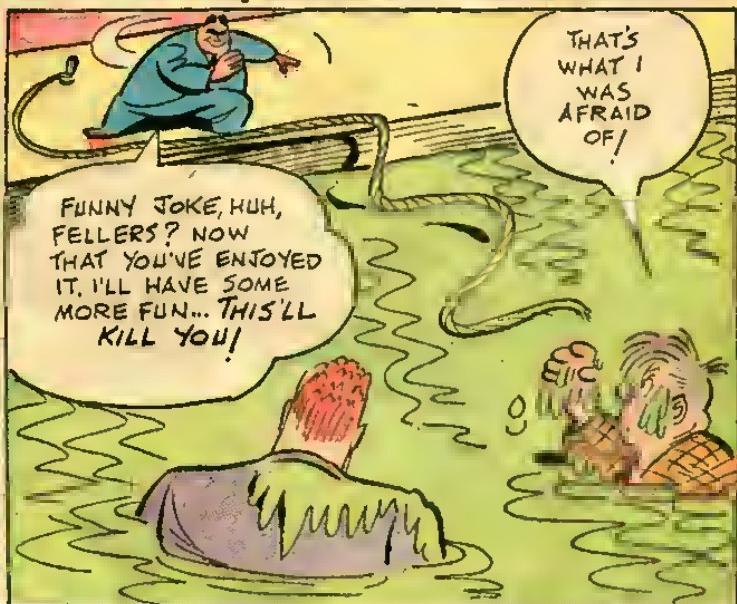
NOW YOU CAN ENJOY
THIS THRILLING BOOK ON
THE **F.B.I.**

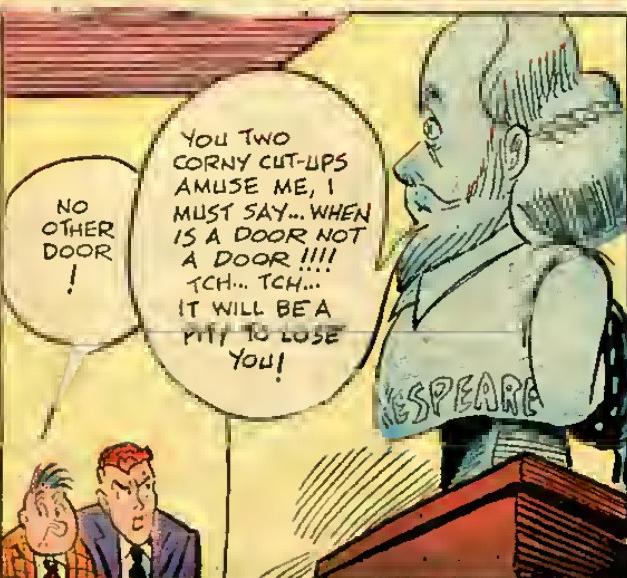
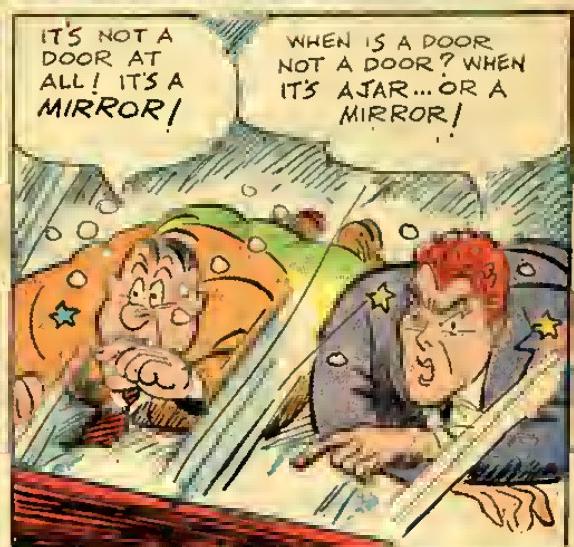
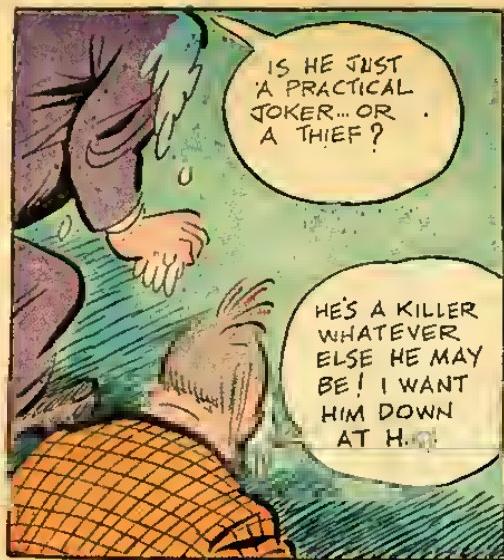
flatty foote

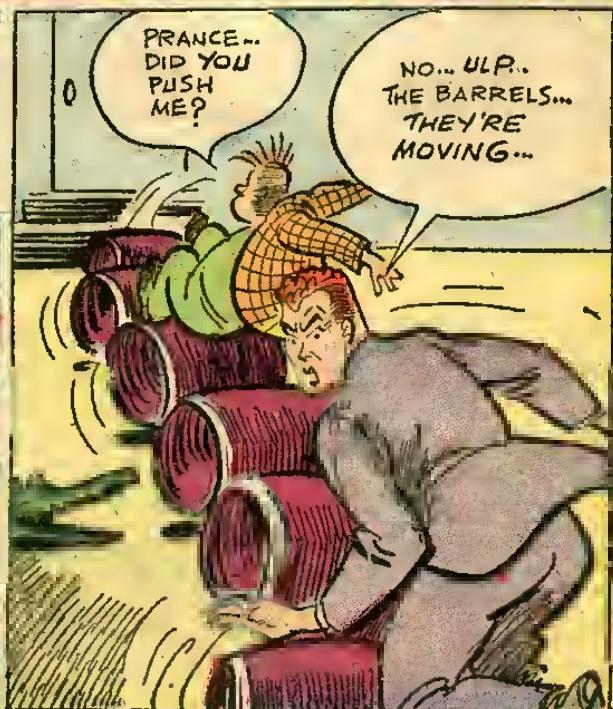
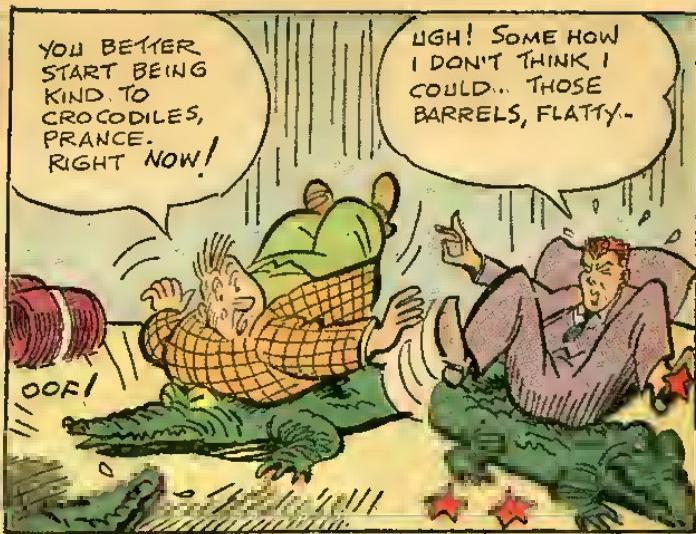
"THIS'LL KILL YOU..."

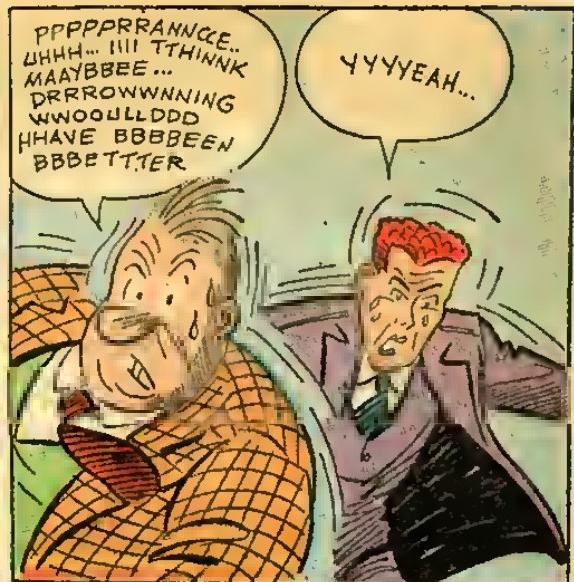
WOE TO THE DAY ON
WHICH FLATTY'S PATH
OVER-LAPPED THAT OF THE
FIENDISH AND INCALCULABLE
MR. REKOJ ----- WE
LEFT THEM DROWNING IN A
SWIMMING POOL FULL OF
LIME GELATINE...

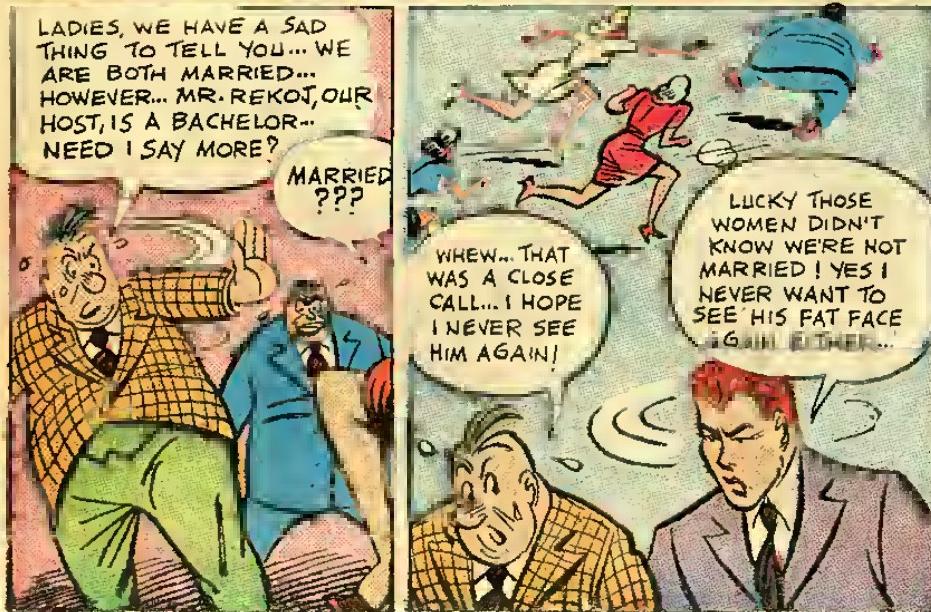
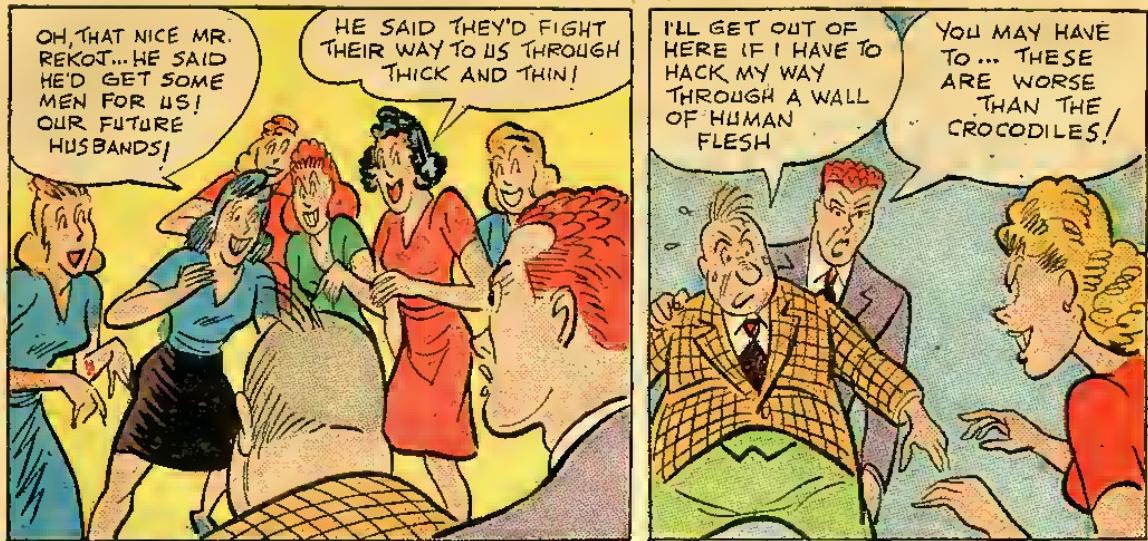












READ THE
NEW
"TOP SECRETS"
IT'S BASED
UPON THE
EXPLOITS OF
THE
F.B.I.
NOW ON
SALE!
IT'S
SENSATIONAL!
ONLY A DIME!

Nick Carter!

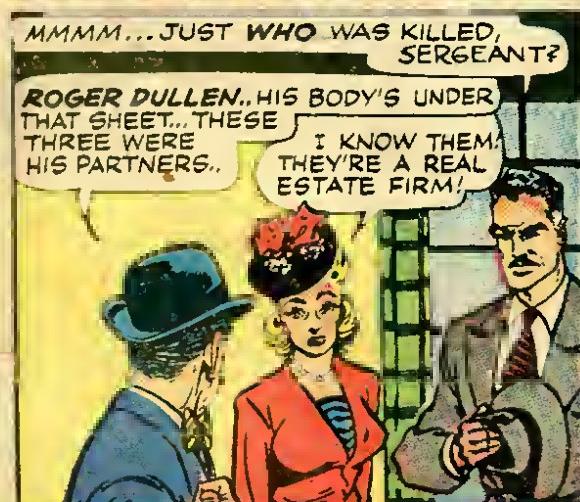
THE CASE OF THE
**FATTEST
MAN!**



IT WAS THE MOST OPEN AND SHUT CASE THE POLICE HAD EVER SEEN... BUT LEAVE IT TO NICK CARTER TO MAKE THE OPENING AND SHUTTING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT FROM WHAT THE POLICE EXPECTED...

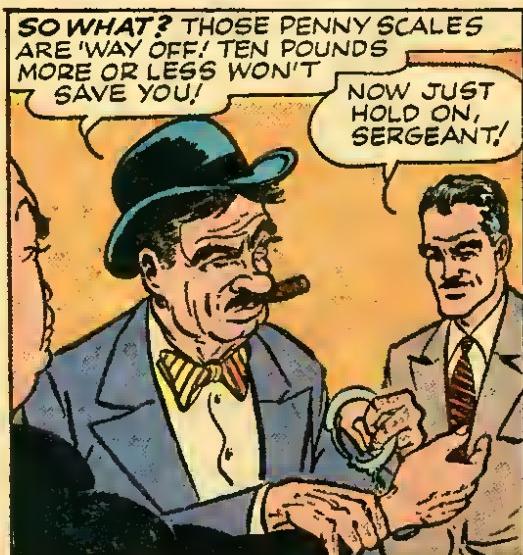
WELL FOR ONCE, NICK 'N' PATSY, WE DON'T NEED YOU!
OH?.. THERE'S BEEN A MURDER COMMITTED, HASN'T THERE?







I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL THIS FOOL... I'VE NEVER WEIGHED LESS THAN 320 IN THE LAST TEN YEARS!



ALL RIGHT.. STEP DOWN, MR. CARREN! NOW YOU TWO, PLEASE!

RIGHTO!.. I'LL GET ON FIRST!

NO INDEED!.. NOT ONE AT A TIME!
BOTH AT ONCE!.. THE WAY YOU DID BEFORE!!

WHA...?!

ULP! HE'S ON TO US!

LET ME GO, YOU NASTY MAN!!

RUN, CLARENCE! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! QUICKLY! THROUGH THAT DOOR!

EEEEEK! EEEEK!

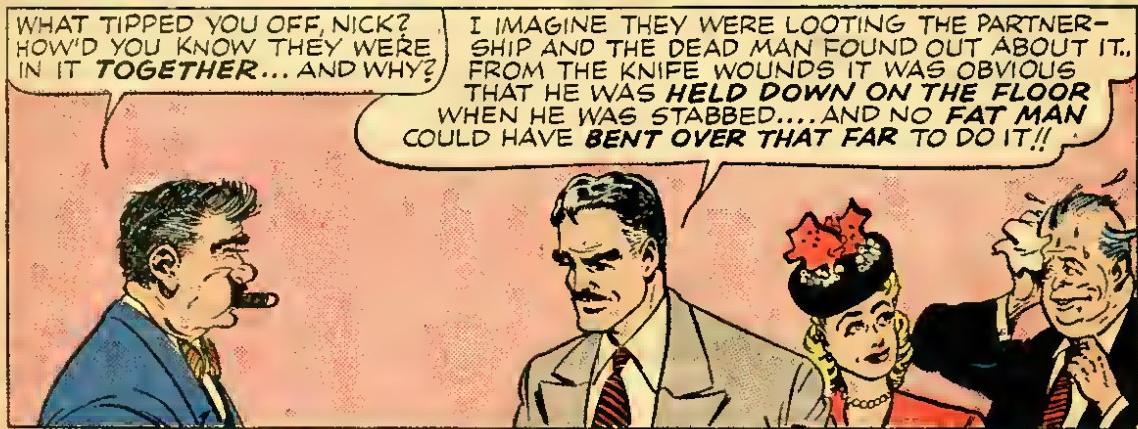
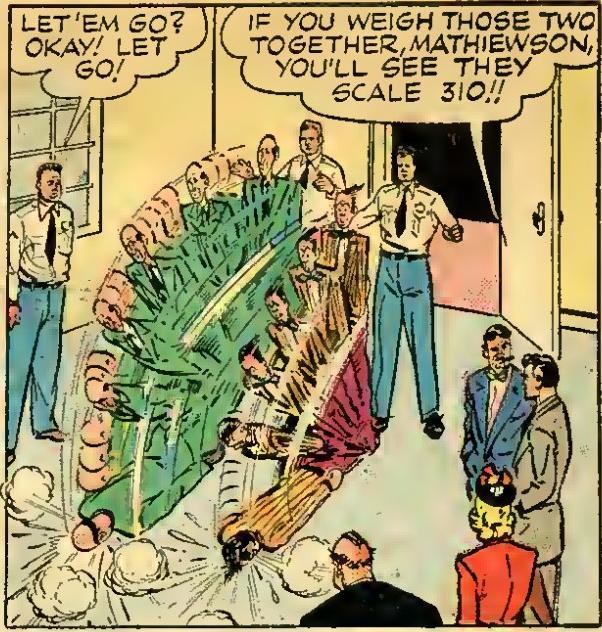
LET GO, MATHIENSON! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THEM THEY'RE THE REAL KILLERS!

RELAX, NICK!
THERE'S A CLASS FULL OF ROOKIE COPS BEYOND THAT DOOR!

..AND IF THEY WANT TO KEEP THEIR BRAND NEW BADGES THEY BETTER HAVE THOSE TWO JOKERS BACK HERE... BUT QUICK!!

LOOK! THE DOOR'S RE-OPENING...

CLASS ROOM B



Emeralds



"THE DEADLY DOLL!"

"I'VE heard," Nick Carter said to the members of the Inner Circle, "plenty of stories about witchcraft . . . stories in which a wizard makes a doll that is a replica of a person . . . and then puts the hocus on the doll and sticks pins in it . . . the pins are supposed to cause pain to the person whom the doll represents . . . but this case of Deadly Doll had nothing to do with witchcraft . . . and besides . . . the doll was a baby doll . . . one that cried Mama!"

The members leaned forward on the edges of their seats. This sounded interesting. Nick went on, "This baby doll that cried for its Mama caused more havoc than any witchcraft doll I ever heard of . . . what's more it caused death! Death sudden and swift!"

Chick who was on the podium was as much in the dark about this tale of his foster father's activities as were the other members. He had not heard any of the details because he'd been out of town.

"IT'S MURDER!"

Nick said, "When the police arrived at the apartment of Horace Gilt, Gilt was a corpse. He was on the floor . . . arms outstretched.

"The police went about their work. The window had been jimmied. The killer had come in through the window . . . struck . . . and left. But as far as the police could find out from the servants there was nothing missing.

"They were questioning the butler when I got there. 'You say,' the lieutenant said to the butler, 'that there is nothing missing at all?' The butler thought a moment and then said . . . 'Well . . . Mr. Gilt did come in

with a package tonight. A small package about a foot long and six inches wide. That seems to be gone.' The police searched for that package. There was no sign of it. Instead, one of the cops found in a waste paper basket, a piece of wrapping paper. It was our only clue. It was from a toy store!"

"FILE ON BANDITRY!"

"I," said Nick, "left the police at that point. I had a sneaky hunch in the back of my head about the toy store. The address seemed familiar. I went home and checked through my files, which as you know are as complete on crime as I can make them. Sure enough about two weeks before this murder, there was a jewel store robbery in that neighborhood. The four crooks who had held up the store had made their escape . . . that is two of them did. Two were caught."

Chick sitting behind Nick, grinned. He had an idea that he was sure was correct. Nick went on, "Well, that seemed to clear up the mystery about the deadly doll . . . I presumed that the crooks making their escape, not sure of getting away and not wanting to be caught with the loot on them, had hidden the gems in this doll. They had planned on getting back to the store and buying the doll in question which they must have marked in some way in the store room where they found it."

Chick nodded to himself that was exactly the way he had figured it.

"HEIST!"

"You can imagine how confused I was, when, on my way down to headquarters to

tell the police about my deductions when I heard a newsboy screaming, 'Read all about it! Big Hold Up In Toy Store!' "

That wiped the smile off Chick's face. That loused up his idea all right!

"I bought a paper and scanned the details!"

Said Nick. "The store that was held up was the one in question all right! Two masked men had walked into the store, held up the place and grabbed as many of the Mama dolls as they could carry! It seemed completely senseless!"

"While I was walking along reading the paper, a sound roused me from my reverie. I heard a shot.

"I hurried towards the sound of the shot. I identified myself to a cop who was standing looking at the building with a drawn gun in his hand.

"The police had tear gassed the two hold up bandits out into the open. I must say they looked silly with tears streaming out of their eyes, with squeaking Mama dolls under their arms. They had been ripping the dolls open when the cops got there! Behind them in the room they had come out of, there was a pile of ripped dolls.

"The police handcuffed them and lead them off."

Chick interrupted. "I don't get it, dad."

"I didn't for a little while either . . . oh, of course it was obvious that they had killed Mr. Gilt for nothing, obviously the doll that Gilt had bought was not the one they had hidden the stolen gems in, but I didn't see what had made them so sure he had the doll . . . and why they had been wrong!"

"The cops dragged the two crying crooks off to jail. I went into the room where the ripped up dolls were. I looked them over. There was no sign of loot. There were some dolls which the crooks had not had time to rip open . . . I ripped them. No loot.

"Later, down at headquarters I found that the dolls that the crooks had had under their arms were just dolls . . . no gems! It was quite a problem particularly since the crooks of course would not help in any way. They were willing to go to jail for the robbery."

I sat down, at headquarters and brooded. I thought. 'They stole the gems, put them in a doll, marked the doll . . . and beat it. Before they could get back, the store sold enough of the dolls to bring some up from the stock room.

"The doll then had been sold to some one else! I called the papers and told them my idea! They cottoned to it and screaming headlines ran the story that some little child some place in the city was playing with a doll that had a hundred thousand dollars worth of stolen jewels in it!"

"CRY BABIES!"

"I hate to think," Nick smiled, "about all the little girls who must have cried bitterly when their baby dolls were cut open. But it worked. The jewelry store had announced a reward and the following day in came a man with the gems. He'd found them in the new doll that he had bought for his child."

Nick had a drink of water. "That took care of the gems. But the biggest puzzle, to me, remained. What had gone wrong, how come the crooks couldn't identify the doll that had the gems in it?"

"THE TREE FOR THE WOODS!"

"I found, the day after the first robbery that the toy store had announced a sale! That was it! I went to the store and spoke to the manager.

"The whole thing cleared up then. Because of the sale, the clerks had been instructed to write over the price tags on the dolls the new price!

"The crooks had identified the loaded doll by writing on the price tag. The new, sale price went on top of their writing. They could no longer identify their secret mark . . . they couldn't find their doll because there were too many of them!"

As the meeting broke up Beef said, "That's like the old story of the guy who couldn't find the forest because all the trees were in the way."

Chick grinned agreement. The meeting was ended till next month,

DOC SAVAGE

The
Man
From
Mars!

P LUMMETTING OUT OF THE BLUE OF THE MIDNIGHT SKY CAME A FIERY STRANGER... AT DAWN INVESTIGATION SHOWED A WRECKED STRANGE OBJECT... COULD IT HAVE BEEN A ROCKET SHIP FROM OUTER SPACE????

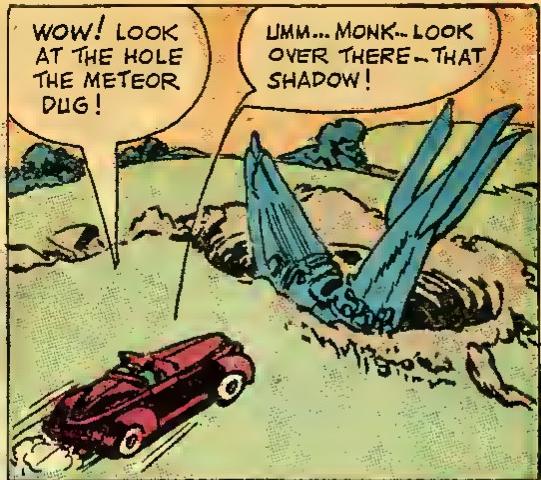
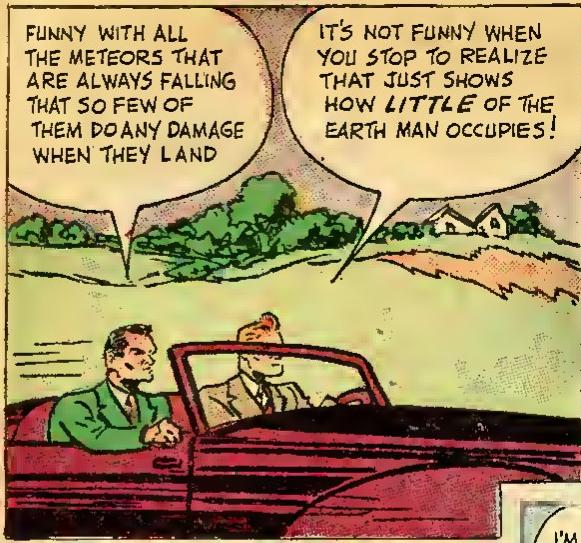


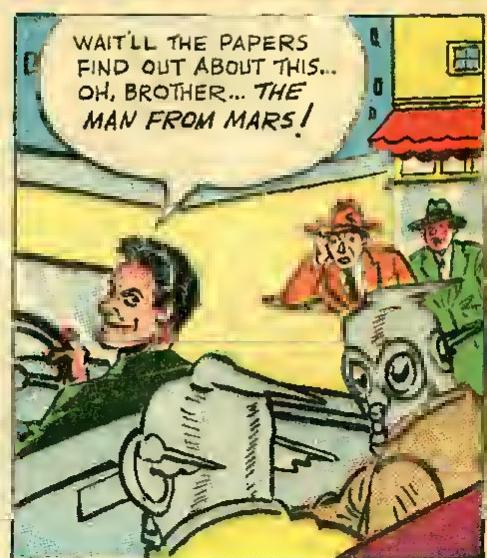
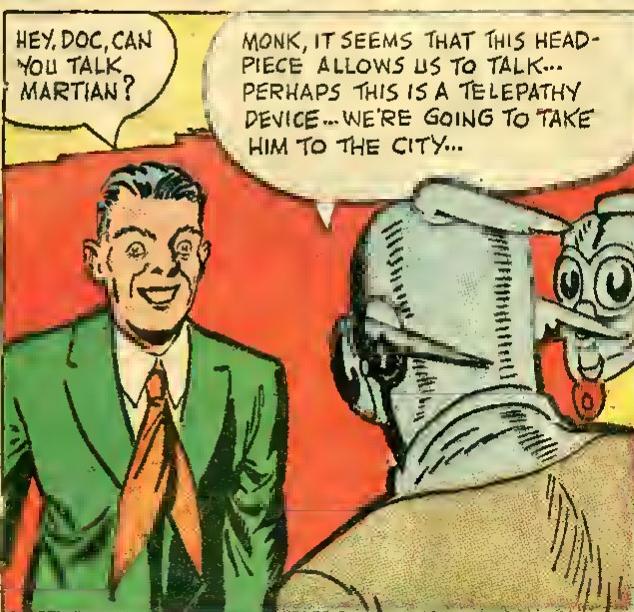
DOC SAVAGE'S LABORATORY...THE OBSERVATORY.

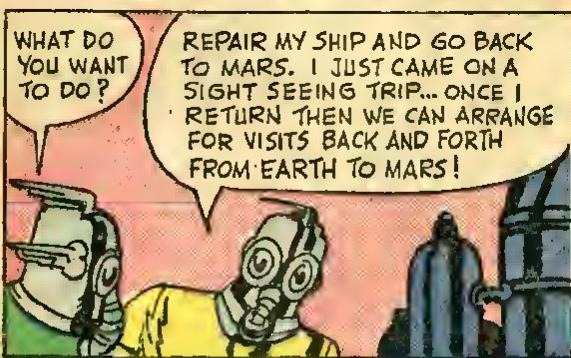
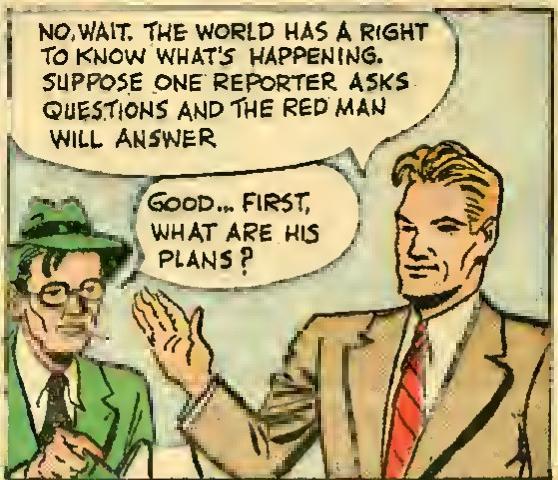
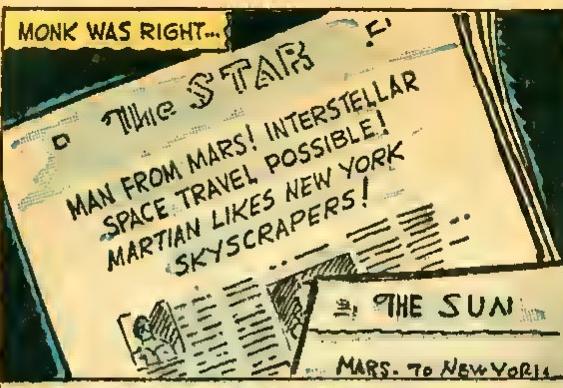
HEY, DOC... THAT METEOR IS GOING TO LAND RIGHT NEAR HERE... WANNA RUN OUT AND TAKE A LOOK?

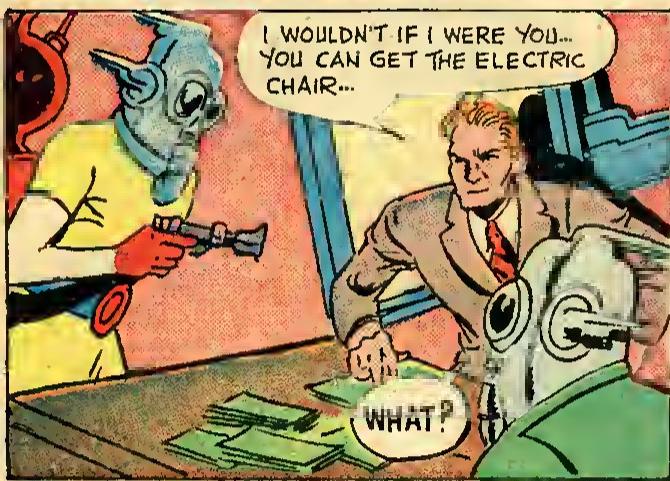
SURE THERE'S NOTHING ELSE EXCITING TO DO...

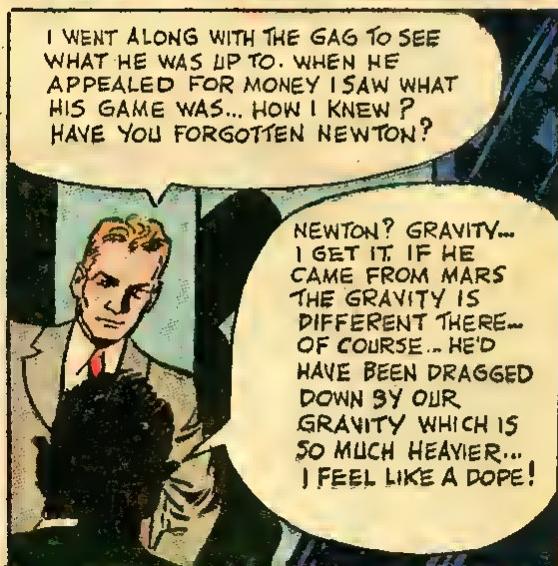






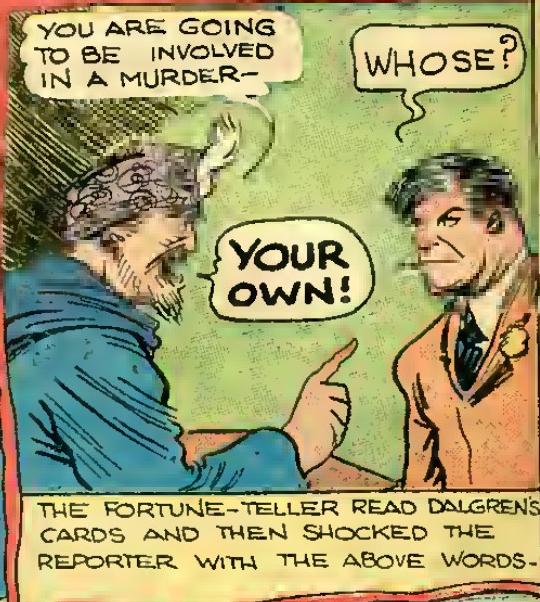
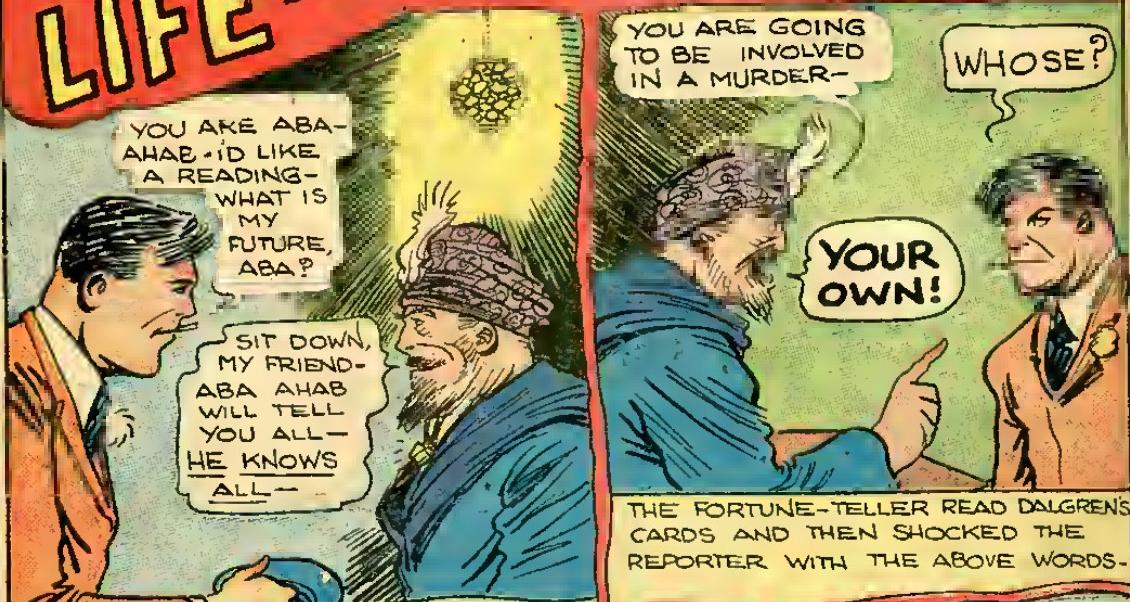






BING DALGREEN, FAMOUS TIMES-NEWS REPORTER, SOLVES A PLOT AGAINST HIS OWN LIFE —

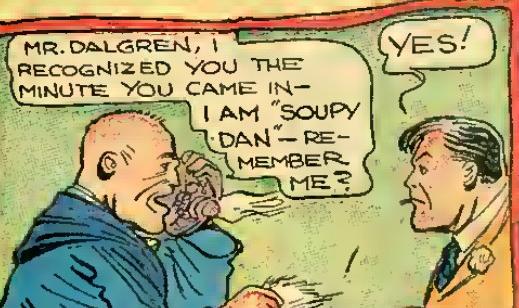
ANOTHER THRILLING NEWSPAPER ADVENTURE
OF THE NOTED REPORTER-DETECTIVE —
STORY AND PICTURES BY THORNTON FISHER —



THE FORTUNE-TELLER READ DALGREEN'S CARDS AND THEN SHOCKED THE REPORTER WITH THE ABOVE WORDS—

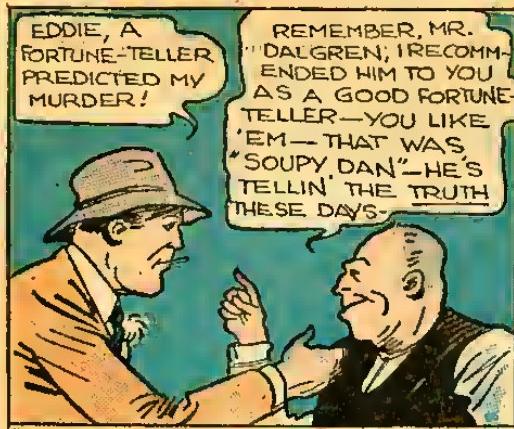
ON THE AFTERNOON OF OCT. 3, 1937, BING DALGREEN VISITED A FORTUNE-TELLER. THE DISTINGUISHED REPORTER HAD A PECULIAR WEAKNESS FOR FORTUNE-TELLING AND FREQUENTLY DROPPED INTO DIFFERENT PLACES TO GET A "READING"—

LISTEN, THIS GANG IS GOIN' TO KNOCK YOU OFF— THEY FIGURE YOU'RE MORE POISON TO THEM THAN THE REGULAR POLICE DICKS—



SUDDENLY THE CARD-READER REMOVED HIS TURBAN, FALSE MUSTACHE AND WHISKERS AND IDENTIFIED HIMSELF TO BING—

"SOUPY DAN" WAS AN EX-CONVICT WITH A LONG CRIMINAL RECORD— HE THEN WENT ON TO INFORM DALGREEN OF A PLOT AGAINST HIS (BING'S) LIFE —



"HARD EDDIE", ANOTHER EX-CONVICT, WAS A "TIP-OFF MAN" FOR THE GREAT REPORTER AND BING HASTENED TO SEE HIM—



DALGREN SAW A BIG STORY IN THIS THREAT TO HIS LIFE AND HE WENT INTO CONFERENCE WITH HIS MANAGING EDITOR, JOHN FEELEY—

THREATEN TO KILL REPORTER!

BY JASON HAMBRIDGE

GANGLAND PREDICTS THE MURDER OF A NEW YORK REPORTER. THE UNDERWORLD IS NOW OUT TO "GET" A CERTAIN NEWSPAPERMAN WHO IS REGARDED AS "POISON" BY THEM. THEY HAD BETTER DO A QUICK, NEAT JOB OF IT BECAUSE

BING DECIDED TO WRITE A "BLIND" STORY UNDER ANOTHER NAME FOR HIS PAPER—A STORY "BAITED" TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE CRIMINAL WORLD—ABOVE IS PART OF WHAT HE WROTE—



TWO DAYS LATER BING RECEIVED AN INVITATION FOR TWO TO A HOUSE PARTY IN THE COUNTRY, THE HOME OF SHELBY G. CARTER—BING INVITED SALLY SHERLOCK, A TIMES-NEWS FEATURE WRITER, TO ACCOMPANY HIM—



THE NIGHT WAS DARK WHEN HE STARTED FOR THE CARTER ESTATE—DRIVING HIS OWN CAR, DALGREN WAS DOING SIXTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR WHEN A MOTORCYCLE OFFICER ORDERED HIM TO FULL UP—BING WAS GLAD TO COMPLY—

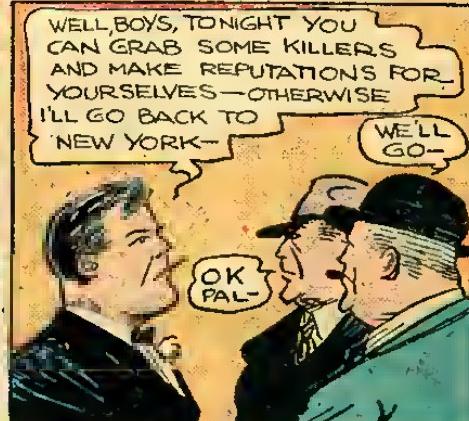


THE FAMOUS REPORTER SHOWED THE OFFICER HIS LICENSE AND HIS NEWSPAPER POLICE CARD—HOWEVER, BING'S NEXT WORDS DIDN'T EASE THE MIND OF THE COP—

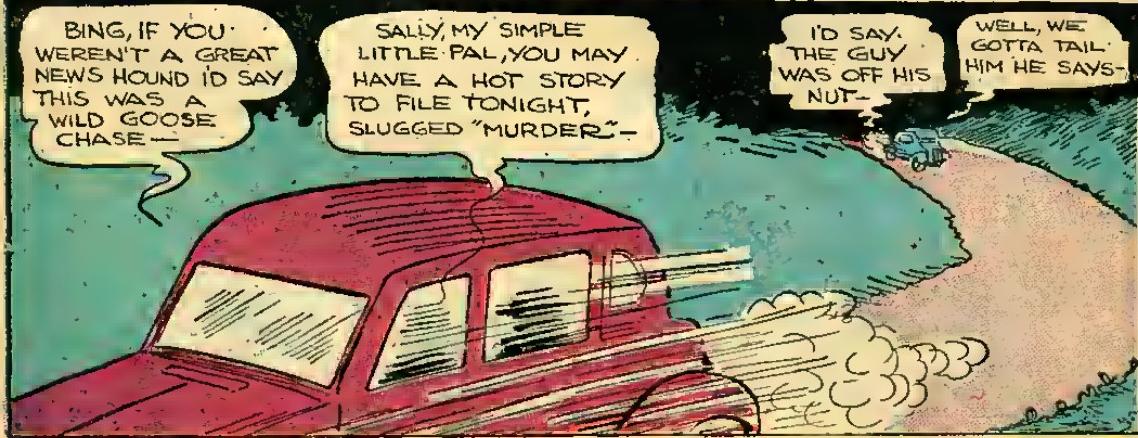
DALGREN INFORMED THE OFFICER OF HIS (BING'S) DESTINATION AND ASKED THAT COUNTY DETECTIVES BE ASSIGNED TO FOLLOW HIS CAR—THE COP PHONED HEADQUARTERS—



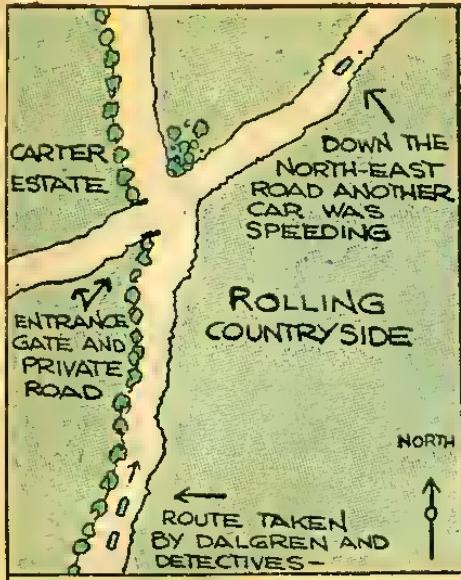
THE DETECTIVES WERE ROUNDED UP, AND BING TOLD THEM WHAT HE DESIRED—THESE MEN, TOO, WERE MYSTIFIED—THEY WERE INCLINED TO LAUGH IT OFF—



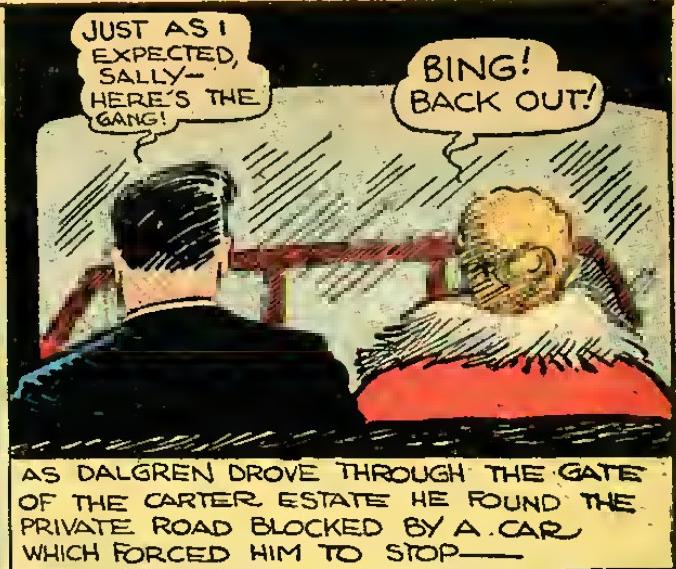
UPON THREATENING TO RETURN TO NEW YORK IMMEDIATELY THE DETECTIVES AGREED TO FOLLOW BING'S CAR AT A REASONABLE DISTANCE IN THE REAR—



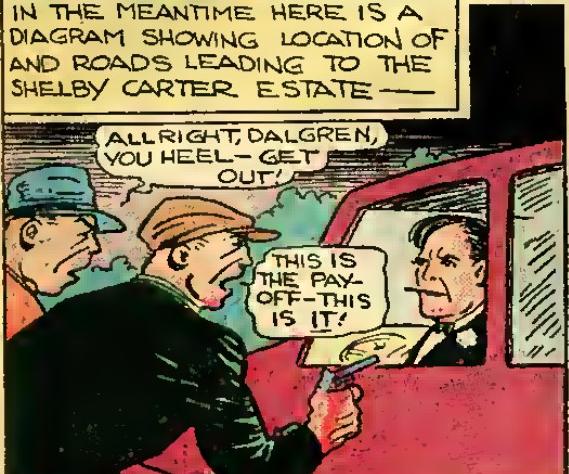
INTO THE NIGHT DALGREN DROVE WITH SALLY SHERLOCK AT HIS SIDE—A QUARTER OF A MILE BEHIND THEM TRAILED THE COUNTY DETECTIVES—THIS WAS A NEW ONE FOR THE OFFICERS—NEWSPAPERMEN HAD STRANGE IDEAS—



IN THE MEANTIME HERE IS A DIAGRAM SHOWING LOCATION OF AND ROADS LEADING TO THE SHELBY CARTER ESTATE —



AS DALGREN DROVE THROUGH THE GATE OF THE CARTER ESTATE HE FOUND THE PRIVATE ROAD BLOCKED BY A CAR WHICH FORCED HIM TO STOP —



TWO MEN EMERGED WITH DRAWN PISTOLS—THEY DEMANDED THAT DALGREN STEP OUT OF HIS CAR, AND LEAVE THE WOMAN IN THE MACHINE —



THE FAMOUS REPORTER OBEYED THE ORDER—BUT HIS HAND WAS ON HIS OWN GUN —



THINGS HAPPENED FAST—SUDDENLY THERE WAS A FLASH OF BRILLIANT LIGHT—THE STARTLED GANGSTERS DROPPED THEIR GUNS—DALGREN'S PISTOL WAS AIMED DIRECTLY AT THEM —



ANOTHER FLASHLIGHT POPPED JUST AS DALGREN DROVE A STAGGERING BLOW TO ONE OF THE CRIMINAL'S JAW—



THE STATE DETECTIVES RACED UP WITH THE SEARCHLIGHT OF THEIR CAR PIERCING THE DARKNESS —



THE OFFICERS SEIZED THE TWO GUNMEN AND HANDCUFFED THEM— ONE OF THEM WAS NO OTHER THAN "SOUPY DAN", THE "FORTUNE-TELLER" WHO HAD PREDICTED DALGREN'S MURDER— HIS PAL WAS PATSY CARSTINE, A NOTORIOUS CROOK—



THEN A TIMES-NEWS CAMERAMAN EMERGED FROM THE DENSE BUSHES— IT WAS ROARY SIMPSON, THE PAPER'S STAR PHOTOGRAPHER, WHO HAD SNAPPED FLASHLIGHTS OF THE ENTIRE ACTION— HE GREETED SALLY SHERLOCK WHO WAS MAKING NOTES —



THE PLAINCLOTHES MEN AND DALGREN WITH THE GANGSTERS IN TOW APPROACHED THE CARTER MANSION— THE GREAT HOUSE WAS DARK— THERE WAS NO SIGN OF LIFE WITHIN —

PUT THIS ON THE WIRE TO THE TIMES-NEWS. NEWS RATE!

YES, SIR-

EDDIE, THEY TRIED TO BUMP ME OFF - "SOUPY DAN" AND PATSY CARSTINE -

YEAH, MR. DALGREEN, "SOUPY DAN" TOLD ME THEY WOULD - THAT'S WHY I SENT YOU TO HIM - AS A PHONY FORTUNE TELLER, HE WAS GOIN' TO TELL YOU THAT - AND I WANTED HIM TO TELL YOU -

LEAVING THE GANGSTERS IN THE CUSTODY OF THE OFFICERS AND SALLY SHERLOCK IN CARE OF ROARY SIMPSON, THE NOTED REPORTER RUSHED TO THE NEAREST TELEGRAPH OFFICE AND FILED HIS STORY -

THEN SPEEDING BACK TO THE CITY BING HURRIED TO THE BASEMENT ROOM OF "HARD EDDIE" WHERE THE ABOVE CONVERSATION TOOK PLACE -

AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, THE STATE PRESENTS THESE PHOTOS - HERE YOU SEE THE ACTUAL PICTURES OF THE CRIME -

WHEN THE CASE OF THE TWO CRIMINALS CAME TO TRIAL PART OF THE EVIDENCE AGAINST THE MEN WERE THE ON-THE-SPOT PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY SIMPSON, THE TIMES-NEWS CAMERAMAN - THE PHOTOS ALSO APPEARED EXCLUSIVELY ON THE FIRST PAGE OF THE TIMES-NEWS -

THE STORY CREATED A SENSATION - "SOUPY DAN" AND PATSY CARSTINE WERE QUICKLY CONVICTED AND WENT TO PRISON FOR LONG TERMS -

"HARD EDDIE" HAD TOLD ME THAT THE "FORTUNE TELLER" WAS "SOUPY DAN" SO I KNEW BEFORE I VISITED HIM - DAN KNEW THAT WITH THAT CHALLENGE I WOULD TRY TO RUN THE GANG DOWN - WHEN I GOT THE INVITATION TO THE "CARTER PARTY" I CHECKED AND FOUND THAT THE CARTERS WERE ABROAD - I FIGURED THAT THAT WAS TO BE THE NIGHT OF MY KILLING - I SENT ROARY SIMPSON, OUR CAMERAMAN, AHEAD - HE WAS TO DRIVE DOWN THE NORTH-EAST ROAD AND HIDE IN THE BUSHES TO GET HIS FLASHLIGHTS THE INSTANT I WAS IN TROUBLE - LUCKILY HE DID - I SPEEDED MY CAR IN ORDER TO BE STOPPED - THUS I COULD NOTIFY THE STATE POLICE WITHOUT THE THREAT LEAKING OUT AS IT WOULD HAVE IF I'D TIPPED THE N.Y. OFFICERS BEFORE I LEFT THE CITY.

MOS' LATER BING DUG IN HIS DRAWER RECOUNTED HIS ADVENTURE -

ALL NAMES AND CHARACTERS APPEARING IN THIS STORY ARE FICTIONAL. ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

MY NAME IS HENRIETTA...
WON'T YOU DANCE
WITH ME?

WELL I'LL
BE...!! A TALKIN'
DANCIN' MECHANICAL
DOLL!!

WHAT A GADGET!! BUT SHE SURE
HITS A MEAN PACE... WHEW!!!
T...TAKE IT EASY!....I....UH!!
AND DON'T...HOLD..ME..SO..
TIGHT!

W...WONDER HOW...YOU..RE...
GULATE..THIS..THING..IT..IT'S
C..CRUSHING ME!!..HELP!!
UGH!!!..HELP!! EEEAHHHH!!



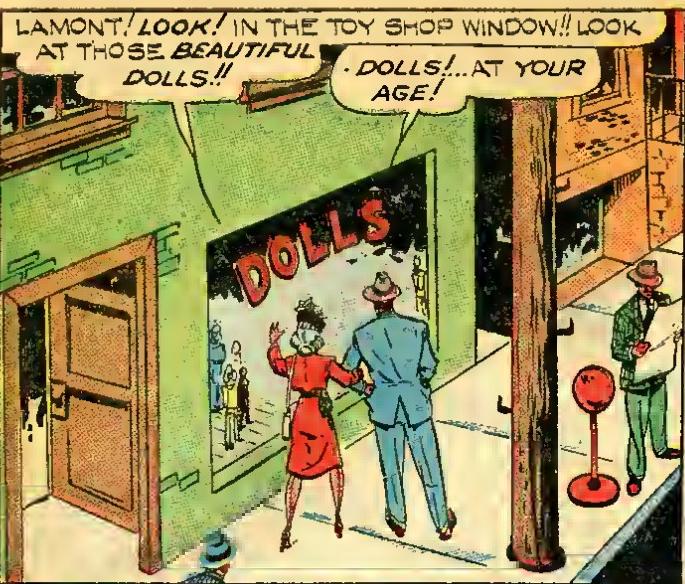
The Shadow Dolls of Death

EACH WEEK TO THE
OF THE
SHADOW!

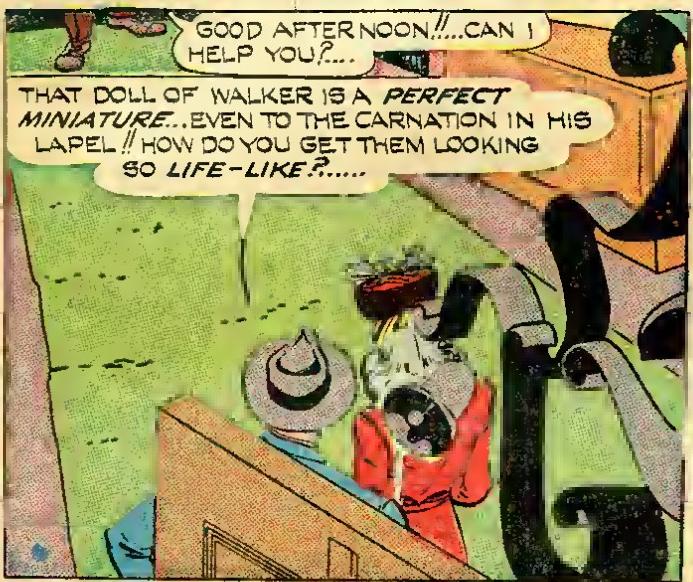


THEY WERE FASCINATING...
THE MECHANICAL DANCING
DOLLS...BUT THEY KNEW
ONLY ONE STEP....
THE DANCE OF DEATH!

TUNE IN EACH WEEK TO THE **SHADOW!** **THRILLING ADVENTURES**
CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS
FOR TIME AND STATION



YOU SHOULD TALK... WITH ALL THE MARGO!! THAT DOLL IS AN EXACT MINIATURE OF ROBERT L. WALKER, THE STEEL MAN!! IT'S AN AMAZING LIKENESS... LET'S GO IN!!!!



WELL, LET'S GO, MARGO... I STILL SAY IT MUST'VE BEEN QUITE A JOB GETTING THE FEATURES OF A BIG MAN LIKE WALKER ON A TINY DOLL! OH.. NO. ODDLY ENOUGH.. THE BIGGER DOLL, THEY ARE... THE BETTER I CAN BRING THEM DOWN!!



ONE HOUR LATER...

...AND...LAMONT!
YOU'RE NOT
LISTENING!!

WHY...OH..SORRY! THAT
WALKER DOLL FASCINATES ME..
IT WAS SO PERFECT.. AND
YET.. SOMETHING
WAS WRONG!

HI!.. THERE
YOU ARE.

HELLO, COMMISSIONER! PLENTY! ROBERT
L. WALKER, MR.

STEEL BUSINESS HIMSELF
HAS DISSAPPEARED.....
VANISHED...PFFT!

ANY CLUES?



WELL, NOT EXACTLY...BUT WALKER HAD
A MISSING FINGER ON HIS RIGHT HAND
THAT NOBODY BUT HIS FAMILY KNEW
ABOUT AND...

HUH?... THAT DOLL OF WALKER!...

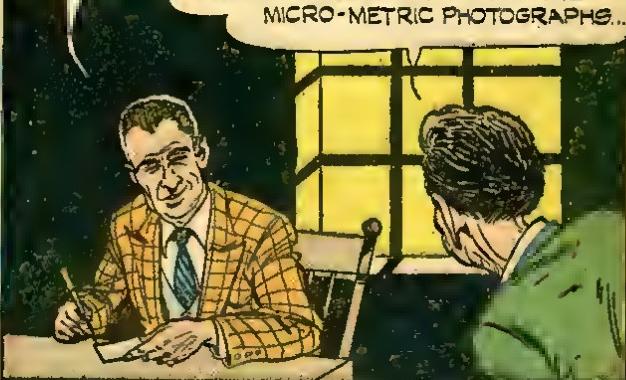
NOW I KNOW WHAT WAS
WRONG WITH IT!...THE RIGHT
HAND HAD A FINGER
MISSING!!

HUH?

MEANWHILE IN THE
LITTLE DOLL TOYSHOP...

THERE! HERE'S A CARD
TO MY DAUGHTER YOU
CAN ENCLOSE WITH THE
DOLL YOU MAKE
OF ME!!

FINE, MR STEELE..NOW IF
YOU'LL STEP INTO THE WORK
SHOP WE'LL START TAKING THE
MICRO-METRIC PHOTOGRAPHS...



SAY!...WILL YOU LOOK AT THOSE DOLLS!!

THEY'RE MY
DANCING DOLLS....
COME!! LET ME SHOW
YOU!!

WHY SOME OF THEM
ARE AS BIG AS
I AM!!!!

...MY..NAME IS HENRIETTA
WON'T YOU DANCE
WITH ME???

WELL I NEVER!!!
I'LL SAY I WILL!!!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER A SMALL BOX IS DELIVERED TO THE OFFICES OF HARVEY STEELE...

OKAY, JUNIOR, THERE YOU ARE!!...WHAT IS IT, MARTIN?...
A PACKAGE FROM STEELE
N'A NOTE TELLIN' ME TO
DELIVER IT TO HIS
LITTLE GIRL!!

LET'S SEE WHAT... OH!... IT...
IT'S A DOLL... OF MR
STEELE!!! IT... IT'S PERFECT
UGH!! IT GIVES
ME THE CREEPS!!

...THE WELL-KNOWN OIL
MAN, HARVEY T. STEELE
HAS DISAPPEARED!!!



THAT NIGHT IN THE DOLL SHOP...

MEEOW!! PFFFT!!

QUIET, TOBY!... MR. WALKER
CAN'T HURT... UH?!... THAT
LAUGH!! WHO LAUGHED? WHO'S
THERE?!

THE SHADOW MR. CARTER!! YOU CAN'T SEE
ME BECAUSE I'VE CLOUDED YOUR MIND.. BUT
YOU CAN HEAR ME!!... WHAT HAPPENED
TO ROBERT WALKER?!! I FOUND HIS
GLOVE IN YOUR WORKSHOP!!

WHY...HE...HE
MUST HAVE DROPPED
IT WHILE POSING
FOR THE MINIATURE!!



VERY UNLIKELY!! HE NEVER TOOK THAT GLOVE
OFF IN PUBLIC!! PERHAPS HE LOST IT IN
A STRUGGLE?!

NO!... NO!!... I DON'T KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!! HE CAME
TO MY SHOP TO HAVE A DOLL
MADE... HERE!! HERE'S
HIS ORDER SLIP!!...



THIS SLIP IS SIGNED BY HARVEY T. STEELE!
SO HE WAS HERE TOO!!!

NO!... I MEAN YES!
YES!! BUT YOU CAN'T PROVE
ANYTHING!! GO AWAY!! I'M
AN OLD MAN!! THIS..THIS,
EXCITEMENT!! PLEASE!!
LEAVE ME ALONE WITH
MY DOLLS!!

I'LL LEAVE YOU FOR THE PRESENT...BUT
REMEMBER!!! THE MURDERED DEAD DON'T
REST!!.. THEY'LL COME BACK AND TAKE
THEIR REVENGE!!



MINUTES LATER IN CRANSTON'S OFFICE....

WHAT'D YOU FIND OUT
AT THE LIBRARY,
MARGO?...

PLENTY!!.. THE AUTHOR OF THAT ARTICLE ON JIVARO INDIANS
IS A MAN NAMED RICHARD CARTWRIGHT... AN EXPLORING
SCIENTIST THAT DISAPPEARED IN THE
EQUADOR JUNGLES YEARS AGO!!



...AND YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT...THE NOTES
SAID HE WAS A DWARF!!...LAMONT!!.. DO
YOU THINK THE
DOLL MAKER?!!

...IT WOULD TAKE A MAN
WITH NERVE..AND DIABOLIC
CUNNING..OUR DOLL MAKER'S
SHORT..AND I'M NOT SATISFIED
WITH HIS ALIBI!!

BUT IT'S LOGICAL!!.. AND IF CART-
WRIGHT AND HE KILLED WALKER AND STEELE,
WHAT'D HE DO WITH
THE BODIES?

I THINK I KNOW.. BUT
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO
HELP ME PROVE IT!!.. YOU'RE
GOING TO PAY THE DOLL MAKER
A VISIT!!





THEN YOUR GENTLEMAN FRIEND SHALL GET HIS WISH FOR A DOLL THAT WONT TALK BACK FOR WE SHALL MAKE ONE OF YOU...OH!... WHAT A SHAME! SHE'S FAINTED, PUT HER ON THE TABLE, HENRI, THEN GO BACK TO THE WORKROOM!



OH!...YOU WILL MAKE A VERY PRETTY DOLL!! NOW WHERE IS MY SCALPEL?...AH HERE WE ARE!!!

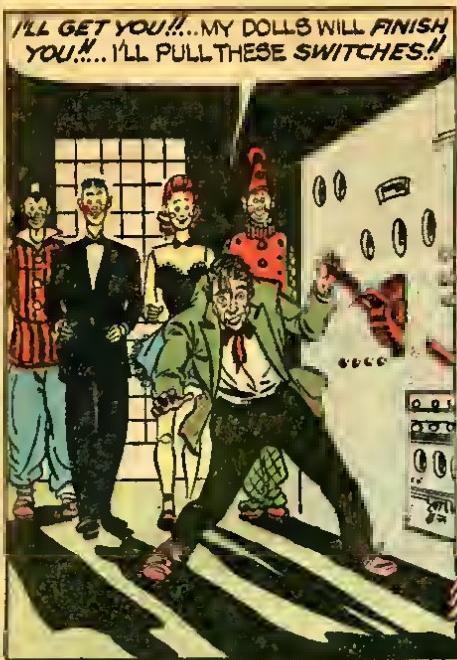


FIRST I MUST MAKE AN INCISION
AT THE BASE OF THE SPINE AND
THEN SLIT THE BODY UP THE BACK,
TO REMOVE THE BONES THEN...UH!!
WHA ?!!...

DROP IT!!

MANIAC!!! YOU KILLED
WALKER AND STEELE!!!!
DIDN'T YOU?!!! DIDN'T
YOU...CARTWRIGHT!!





L..MUST...HAVE FAINTED,
WHAT...??C..CARTER?

CARTER HAS
COMMITTED HIS LAST
CRIME...HE WAS
DESTROYED BY
THE CREATURES
OF HIS OWN MAD
BRAIN!!



WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT
CARTER IN THE FIRST PLACE

THE MISSING
FINGER ON THAT DOLL
OF WALKER.. REMEMBER
COMMISSIONER WESTON
SAID HE NEVER TOOK
THAT GLOVE OFF IN
PUBLIC!!.....



WELL, CARTER COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN ABOUT IT IF HE HAD USED WALKER ONLY AS A MODEL..... BECAUSE, IF HE HAD ONLY PHOTOGRAPHED WALKER... THE DOLL WOULD HAVE HAD A GLOVE ON THE RIGHT HAND!!



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GIRLS!

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BASED UPON THE EXPLOITS
of the F.B.I.



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OF THE MEN
WHO GUARD
THE U. S. MAIL..
•

•
OF FAMOUS
NEWSPAPER
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NOVEMBER 1947

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